

INTERESTING EVENTS.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF OUR EXCHANGES.

A Potpourri of Humor, Current Comment and Business Notices—Interesting State News.

It is not the automobile but the fool who runs it that the public objects to.

You Know What You Are Taking.
When you take Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic, because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay, 50 cents. (If cured, 100 cents.)

The Boer peace has put a sort of floored look on the Missouri mule market.

The Best Prescription for Malaria.
Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Chili Tonic. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay, 50 cents. (If cured, 100 cents.)

Perhaps the Hon. Mark Hanna will consent to act as arbitrator at the next national Republican convention.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Price, 25 cents. (If cured, 50 cents.)

Everything comes to him who waits. Just see what is being unloaded at Kitchen's front door!

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, No Pay. Price 25 cents. (If cured, 50 cents.)

It looks as if all the old-line democrats are hustling to get into the new line now forming.

No good health unless the kidneys are sound. Foley's Kidney Cure makes the kidneys right. DeSoto Drug Co.

Hastings, St. John county, promises to be the center of the Irish potato growing section of East Florida.

Happy Times in Old Town.

"We felt very happy," writes R. N. Beville, Old Town, Va., "when Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured our daughter of a bad case of scald head." It delights all who use it for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Bruises, Bolls, Ulcers, Eruptions, Itchiness for Piles. Only 25c at All Druggists.

The Hillsboro county bond issue of \$400,000 for good roads has been sold out and the work of paving the public roads will soon begin.

Filthy Temples in India.

Sacred cows often defile Indian temples, but worse yet is a body that is polluted by constipation. Don't permit it. Cleanse your system with Dr. King's New Life Pills and avoid untold misery. They give lively livers, active bowels, good digestion, fine appetite. Only 25c at All Druggists.

In Tampa it is said that all the negroes are wearing new clothes.

Chronic bronchial troubles and summer coughs can be quickly relieved and cured by Foley's Honey and Tar, DeSoto Drug Co.

When an old lady kisses a helpless baby she thinks she is doing something to make the latter glad.

Ten Years in Bed.

R. A. Gray, J. P. Oakville, Ind., writes "For ten years I was confined to my bed with disease of my kidneys. It was so severe that I could not move part of the time—I consulted the very best medical skill available, but could get no relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was recommended to me. It has been a Godsend to me."—DeSoto Drug Co.

If the President appoints Senator McLaughlin to a place on the bench it will be without the advice and consent of Senator Tillman.

On the first indication of kidney trouble, stop it by taking Foley's Kidney Cure. DeSoto Drug Co.

The Charleston, Ill., Courier reports that William Damm's daughter, Grace, has scarletina, and the whole Damm family is quarantined.

Warning.

If you have kidney or bladder disease and do not use Foley's Kidney Cure, you will have only yourself to blame for the results, as it positively cures all forms of kidney and bladder diseases. DeSoto Drug Co.

There is no reason why it should ever be the unexpected that happens to a man who speculates with other people's money.

Was Wasting Away.

The following letter from Robert R. Watts of Salem, Mo., is instructive. "I have been troubled with kidney disease for the last five years. I lost flesh and never felt well and doctored with leading physicians and tried all remedies suggested without relief. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and less than two bottles completely cured me and I am now sound and well."—DeSoto Drug Co.

Colonel Henry Watterson continues to cut and thrust at the man on horseback. He probably doesn't know that the man on the horse totes a gun of 38-caliber.

Interesting to Asthma Sufferers.

Daniel Bate of Ottumwa, Iowa, writes, "I have had asthma for three or four years and have tried about all the cough and asthma cures in the market and have received treatment from physicians in New York and other cities, but got very little benefit until I tried Foley's Honey and Tar which gave me immediate relief and I will never be without it in my house. I sincerely recommend it to all." DeSoto Drug Co.

AUCTION SALE.

NOTICE is hereby given that on Monday, the 30th day of June, 1902, at the council chamber in Punta Gorda, Florida, between the hours of eleven and two o'clock, I will offer for sale and sell at auction the following real estate to-wit: In Block 8, lot "11," 108 feet front on Durand street by 55 feet deep, in Punta Gorda, the property of Mary M. Morgan.

June 6th, 1902. J. H. BOWMAN, Auctioneer.

The gentlemen who thought Uncle Mark Hanna was "a dead one" were treated to quite a bump by the Ohio convention.

Virulent Cancer Cured.

Starting proof of a wonderful advance in medicine is given by druggist G. W. Roberts of Elizabeth, W. Va. An old man there had long suffered with what good doctors pronounced incurable cancer. They believed his case hopeless till he used Electric Bitters, and applied Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which treatment completely cured him. When Electric Bitters were used to expell bilious, kidney and microbe poisons at the same time, his salve exerts its matchless healing power, blood diseases, skin eruptions, ulcers and sores vanish. Bitters 50c, Salve 25c at All Druggists.

A fool alone is never willing to concede a point for the purpose of gaining a few.

Saved From An Awful Fate.

"Everybody said I had consumption," writes Mrs. A. M. Shields, of Chambersburg, Pa., "I was so low after six months of severe sickness, caused by Hay Fever and Asthma, that few thought I could get well, but I learned of the marvelous merit of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption used it, and was completely cured." For desperate Throat and Lung Diseases it is the safest cure in the world, and is infallible for Coughs, Colds and Bronchial Affections. Guaranteed bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at All Druggists.

One difference between the meek-looking mule and a volcano is that the latter generally gives warning.

During the summer, kidney irregularities are often caused by excessive drinking or being overheated.

Attend to the kidneys at once by using Foley's Kidney Cure, DeSoto Drug Co.

A lot of that Boer indemnity boodle will come to America for Texas steers and cows. Thus we are to get a piece of the peace.

Constipated Bowels.

To have good health, the body should be kept in a laxative condition, and the bowels moved at least once a day so that all the poisonous wastes are expelled daily. Mr. G. L. Edwards, 142 N. Main St., Wichita, Kansas, writes: "I have used Herbine to regulate the liver and bowels for the past ten years, and found it a reliable remedy." See at DeSoto Drug Co.

Many senators are said to be supporting the Hanna presidential boom. Are they doing that to get him in or to get him out?

Hot Weather Weakness.

If you feel lagged out, listless and lacking in energy, you are perhaps suffering from the debilitating effects of summer weather. These symptoms indicate that a tonic is needed that will create a healthy appetite, make digestion perfect, regulate the bowels and impart natural activity to the liver. This, Herbine will do. It is a tonic, laxative and restorative. H. J. Freeland, Prop. Grand View Hotel, Cheney, Kan., writes: "I have used Herbine for the last 12 years, and nothing on earth can beat it. It was recommended to me by Dr. Newton, Newton, Kan." See at DeSoto Drug Co.

The President and Hettie Green both wear revolvers for self-protection, but we are trying to suppress that fashion of upholstery down this way.

Tax on Babies.

Extreme hot weather is a great tax upon the digestive power of babies; when pany and feeble they should be given a few doses of White's Cream Vermifuge, the children's tonic. It will stimulate and facilitate the digestion of their food, so that they can soon become strong, healthy and active. 25c at DeSoto Drug Co.

A Splendid Remedy.

Neuralgic pains, rheumatism, lumbago and sciatic pains yield to the penetrating influence of Ballard's Snow Liniment. It penetrates to the nerve and bone, and being absorbed into the blood, its healing properties are conveyed to every part of the body and effects some wonderful cures. Mr. D. F. More, Agent Illinois Central Railway, Milan, Tenn., states: "I have used Ballard's Snow Liniment for rheumatism, backache, etc., in my family. It is a splendid remedy. We could not do without it." 25c and 50c at DeSoto Drug Co.

Sensation Sure. What Does It Mean?

Plant System announcements, commencing 26th April, its new interchangeable mileage books will be recognised by the Seaboard Air Line, Louisville and Nashville, Atlantic Coast Line, Western & Atlantic, and several other lines in the south, covering over fifteen thousand miles. The Plant System has not thousand passenger business before but the Seaboard Air Line for eight years.

Catchy Snoot Music Issued by Plant System

By sending ten cents in silver or postage stamps to B. W. Wrenn, Passenger Traffic Manager, Plant System, Savannah, Ga., copies of either of the following bright and catchy airs can be secured: "Ticked to Death," "Trotting Through the Park." Excellent plant music.

His Just Reward

By M. MacL. Helliwell

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Mildred sat down with a gasp. She was conscious of only one appalling fact—the little silver bag which had dangled from her belt when she started out some hours earlier was now gone and with it all her money, her watch, the key of her trunk and various little odds and ends dear to her heart.

Stranded on the exhibition grounds, miles from her hotel and her chaperon! This was her punishment for trying in the face of conventionality as personified by Aunt Ursula. She did not attempt to retrace her steps in search of it. She knew it would be useless.

A sudden realization came to her that she was dead, tired and horribly hot and hungry. She rose with the sudden, impetuous little movement so characteristic of her.

At that moment a man who had been watching her intently from the next bench rose also and approached her, hat in hand.

As she was thus suddenly brought face to face with him she started forward impulsively with outstretched hand, but almost immediately her hand fell to her side as with a cold half bow she turned away.

But the man was not to be so easily repulsed.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly. "Surely even more acquaintances may exchange a few words when they happen to meet by chance in a place like this. Is Miss Carson with you?"

He fell into step beside her, apparently unconscious of her rigid bearing.

A direct question cannot be ignored by any one with the least pretensions to good breeding; therefore Mildred, after a second's hesitation, was constrained to answer coldly:

"Aunt Ursula is at the falls. But I must ask you to excuse me. Good morning!"

She half turned, but the man laid a detaining hand upon her arm and, dropping his half bantering tone, said seriously:

"Look here, Milly—yes, I may call you that by right of old friendship, so don't blush! I am here by myself, and I am deuced lonely. When we last parted, you said you had wiped out all memory of that—of our good business, but you said nothing of our good fellowship of a year ago. Let us go back to where we were last January—Jolly good chums—and let's put in our day together."

Mildred hesitated. She, too, if she would but confess it, was "deuced lonely" and tired and hot and hungry into the bargain. Still, some things, despite what one may say to the contrary, are not wiped out of remembrance by a word.

"I think that would be impossible," she said freely. "I am going to return to the falls now. Good morning!"

"Well, you're not going to shake me like that anyway!" he cried cheerfully. "I am going to put you on your car at least."

But Mildred, in the awful consciousness of her penniless condition, flushed scarlet. If he insisted upon putting her on the car, the conductor would just as firmly insist upon putting her off when he came to collect the fares.

In her desperation and exhaustion she dropped down upon a bench they happened to be passing.

"I'm tired," she said, digging little holes with her nails in the gravel at her feet. "I must take a rest first. I don't want to be rude. Mr. Gaveston, but I think I wished you good morning some time ago."

The man, undaunted, seated himself beside her with a smile.

"You are too tired to start on that long journey. As your brother's closest friend I cannot permit it. I am exceedingly hungry. May I have the pleasure of your company to luncheon? I would greatly enjoy it, and if you find it so distasteful to eat at my expense—why, you may liquidate your share. Only let us have it together."

Mildred's face was burning. She was seized with a strong desire to shake the aggravating smile from the teasing face beside her.

"I don't care for anything to eat," she flibbed defiantly. "The only thing I desire at present is solitude."

"I really don't ask much, Mildred. You lunch without a thought with dozens of other fellows. Why not with me?"

"I must draw the line somewhere," she answered coldly.

"So you draw it just in front of your brother's chum! Poor old Tom! He'll be cut up when I tell him, for he asked me particularly to have an eye on you. Do you remember when he first brought me home with him at the end of our freshman year? You had short skirts and curls then, and I called you Milly as a matter of course. You rather liked to lunch with me in those days, Mildred."

Mildred flushed uncomfortably.

"Well, if you insist upon my leaving you—be rose as he spoke—"of course I must, but I'll be writing to Tom to-night, and I'm afraid he'll take it hard when he hears that you have shaken me this way. I never told of that—other business, but he may as well know now."

Mildred arose.

"Then if you'll promise not to do that, why, I'll—I'll take luncheon with you, and you may pay for it." She finished miserably, gulping down her pride with an effort.

He bit his lip as they turned in the direction of the Midway, but he only said gravely:

"Thank you very much. I account it an honor to do so."

Under the combined influences of much needed refreshment and a thoroughly congenial companion she revived rapidly, and before she was aware of it all her chilly constraint was gone, and they were laughing and chaffing each other just as in the dear old days of bon camaraderie.

When they left the restaurant, they strolled down to the lake, where they rested luxuriously on the soft, grassy bank.

"I really should go now," said Mildred regretfully at last. "Aunt Ursula will be distressed."

NEIGHBORS

By BALDWIN SEARS

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"He's there all alone with nobody but an old servant. His mother and father are still in Europe, no one knows where. I'm all overwork, the doctor says, and I ought to be thankful, too, for I'm not total blindless. But I'd be cross, too, if I had to sit in a dark room for six months without any one to read to me. And he's so anxious to get on with his law."

Nona Stewart gazed intently at the visitor, whose jetted fringe rattled a constant accompaniment to her stream of talk. Who ought to be thankful? The talkative lady did not say.

When she had gone, Nona slipped from her corner by the window and stood behind the great chair where her grandmother sat winter and summer playing solitaire.

"Grandmother," she said questioningly, "who ought to be thankful, and why must I last six months?"

"Why, of course he ought to be thankful. Inflammation of the eyes is no joke even if he did bring it on by trying to learn everything in one year. Command me to young men for a year or so of fools." And the old lady snipped a couple of hearts on a queen and shuffled the pack viciously.

"Grandmother"—again the smile browned her forehead around the corner of the great eared chair—"who did you say it was?"

"Who? Why, young Phil Strong, of course, the most reckless youngster that ever lived. I ought to know too. Wasn't his grandfather my own cousin? Wasn't he just the same, obstinate as a rebel?"

"Grandmother, did you say that he was all alone?"

"Mercy upon us, child, what next? Yes, he's all alone. Look out of the window all day if you want to, and you won't see a soul go out or in except the doctor and the butcher's boy. At this time of year all the silly people have rushed off to roast at the seaside, and there's no one in town to go and see any one."

Nona looked out of the window at the house opposite. For days she had wondered who it could be that the doctor went to see.

"I should think he would be lonely," said Nona to herself. "I should think he would want some one to come and read to him." There was a long pause.

"And he's a kind of cousin, too, besides being my neighbor. * * * I should think. * * * And grandmother takes her nap every afternoon at 4."

"Here's your cousin come to read to you, Mr. Phil." The old housekeeper pushed open the library door and stood aside for the young girl who had followed her up stairs.

"What?" came in a weary growl from the darkness. "Who's going to read to me?"

But the housekeeper had departed, and Nona was left standing in the middle of a very large, very closely curtained room, with a shadowy somebody who had turned his bandaged eyes upon her in a way that made her wonder why she had ever come and how she could get away without speaking. And as she stood there the voice repeated, "Who's that?"

Nona twisted her fingers together. "I heard my grandmother say that you hadn't any one to read to you and that it might last six months." She could get no further, but it was too late to retreat then.

At her first words the person sprawling in the big chair had risen abruptly, saying: "Pardon me. I didn't quite understand what that beast of a cook said." How polite he was compared with a moment before! "Your grandmother is quite right. I haven't any one to speak a Christian word to." Who was this girl anyhow? He wished that he dared pull up the bandage for a second.

If he face matched her voice—well, anyhow, if she were as homely as sin she was an angel to come and read to him. "It's awfully good of you, Miss."

"Stewart, Nona Stewart, just across the street," she answered to tell him.

"It's mighty good of you, Miss Stewart. What shall I get you—I mean, won't you study and I haven't seen a book since I came here. This cursed book—I beg your pardon—I mean my eyes went back on me just as I began to read for my degree."

"Oh, that's what I came to read, if you'll let me," added Nona, glad that blushing could not be heard by people who couldn't see them.

"Let you?" laughed the young man. "Indeed, I will, though I'm afraid you'll find contracts dull work."

"Indeed, it won't be dull a bit," protested Nona, her sixteen-year-old heart swelling proudly as she settled herself near the window, where the light was cautiously let in. Wasn't she doing unto her neighbor as she would be done by?

"I shall like it, I am sure," she declared.

"And I love her for doing it," said the young man to himself at the end of a month as he sat and waited for 4 o'clock and Nona.

But 4 o'clock came, then 5 o'clock, and brought no one.

Nona did not come the next day or the next, Philip Strong grew crosser and crosser, and the doctor shook his head and declared that all the progress he had made in the last month would be lost if it did not stop fretting.

"Doctor," said the young man one day, "do you know anybody in this street of the name of Stewart?"

"I did," said the doctor, "but she died last week—what?"

"No, doctor, I can't stand it!" "I told you this worrying and fretting would injure your eyes. I'd send you to the hospital tomorrow."

Philip Strong hesitated and looked up and down the street. He had come out to Tarrytown to make a will, and he did not see the house he had been directed to.

A young girl was coming toward him. He waited and lifted his hat. "Can you tell me where Henry Lloyd lives?" he asked.

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